

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

### I. THE INDIAN WILD DOG

Notes on Lt.-Col. R. W. Burton's article published in Vol. 41 (4):  
692-715.

Wild and Pariah Dogs, Page 692. I know of a case of a smallish red pariah bitch that used to play with the wild dogs whenever they came near the village cattle. Unfortunately no record of any inter-breeding was obtained.

Another black and white pariah dog from the coolie lines used to follow the wild dogs if they ran a sambar anywhere near, and used to return full fed, so the coolies used to follow it when it went for another meal, hoping to get a bit of meat themselves. When it met the pack it used to lie on the ground very apologetically and whine.

Two Species, Page 693. The Mysore shikaris (not professional) near the Western Ghats used to say there were two species, and gave the name of 'whistling dog' to the smaller one, probably because being young their call was shriller. Professor Littledale's suggestion seems correct, and the big packs were probably composed of several three-quarter grown litters. The largest dog I ever saw was a solitary, well known to the coolies who often met him hunting on his own, but it was not shot.

Pairs were also seen hunting together, and more often they were running a barking deer than a sambar. Once a big pack was apparently beating a long strip of jungle, with two or three dogs posted at each gap in the ridge on one side, at which game would be likely to break, the other side of the jungle being estate.

Colouration, Page 695. I've never seen a completely white tip to a tail on the Western Ghats, only a few white hairs; but dogs very often had a white patch with red spots on one paw.

Litters, Page 697. I once took a litter of 11 cubs from an earth. The bitch came out in a beat, and got away wounded. Beaters reported the earth, and I sat over it and shot the dog, and then dug out the litter. There was no indication of two litters in the one earth. I tried to rear the cubs, but they were very wild and died off one by one, though one survived about a year.

Voice, Page 700. I found an empty .303 cartridge used as a whistle to be the best note for calling up dogs, pressure should be decreased at the end to give a wailing note, and dogs answered it especially if they had been scattered by a shot, or driven off a kill, and it usually paid to alter position and to take good cover.

Cattle killing, Page 703. I've known several instances of full grown cattle being killed by dogs, the worst being when a pack stampeded a herd of cattle which charged into a nursey under a pandal, and five or six cattle were pulled down in the nursery, and unfortunately only one dog was shot, as the cattleman only possessed a S.B. muzzle-loader.

Attitude to Mankind, Page 706. I remember two instances of coolies being treed by dogs. Two coolies tried to drive the dogs off a kill, but the dogs came at them snarling so they climbed trees, and stayed there till the dogs fed and cleared off. Another cooly met a pack on the cart road, which did not clear off when he shouted, but came on, so he climbed a tree, and the dogs sat around under the tree for a bit looking at him.

I checked up on this by the tracks in the dust.

Wild *vs.* Domestic Dogs, Page 709. On two occasions I had my terriers chased by wild dogs, which only stopped when I rode at them shouting. Once a terrier running a line was killed and eaten, judging by the hair in the wild dog droppings. I have however seen a big solitary wild dog running from quite a small fox terrier, but the wild dog may have spotted me.

Toughness, Page 712. I confirm their toughness and vitality, and consider that proportionately they take more killing than any other animal in these parts.

YELLIKODIGI ESTATE,  
CHIKMAGALUR DISTRICT,  
MYSORE STATE,  
20th March, 1951.

A. MIDDLETON

## 2. A WILD DOG INCIDENT

One evening I went for a walk with our four dogs, a black cocker spaniel, two black and tan dachshunds, and a golden retriever. I emphasise the colour as it seems to have some bearing on this incident. We took a path through some thick bamboo jungle, and suddenly they all picked up the scent of something, and disappeared, barking excitedly. I had seen nothing, and thought they were on the scent of a hare as usual. I whistled, and after a few minutes the three black ones returned, tails down, and obviously very unhappy about something. They would not leave my side, and sat crouching as near me as they could get. This worried me somewhat, as the retriever was not mine. I was only looking after him while his owners were on leave in England. Moreover he was an old gentleman, nearly 11 years, and had two years previously been badly gored by a wild boar.

After about five minutes of silence, I heard him barking in the distance, and whistled to him again. This time he came, tail up, looking extremely pleased with himself. To my amazement he was leading a pack of wild red dogs, who had obviously accepted him as one of themselves. He came over to where I stood, and for a few seconds we all stood and looked at each other, the pack 15 ft. away, and our four, and myself. Then the wild ones turned and disappeared the way they came. I counted five, but there may have been more.

Another thing that impressed me was the polite manner in which they saw 'Bowler home', so to speak. He was obviously very thrilled at being accepted as 'one of the boys.' Why the other three dogs were